

The Mirror

OF

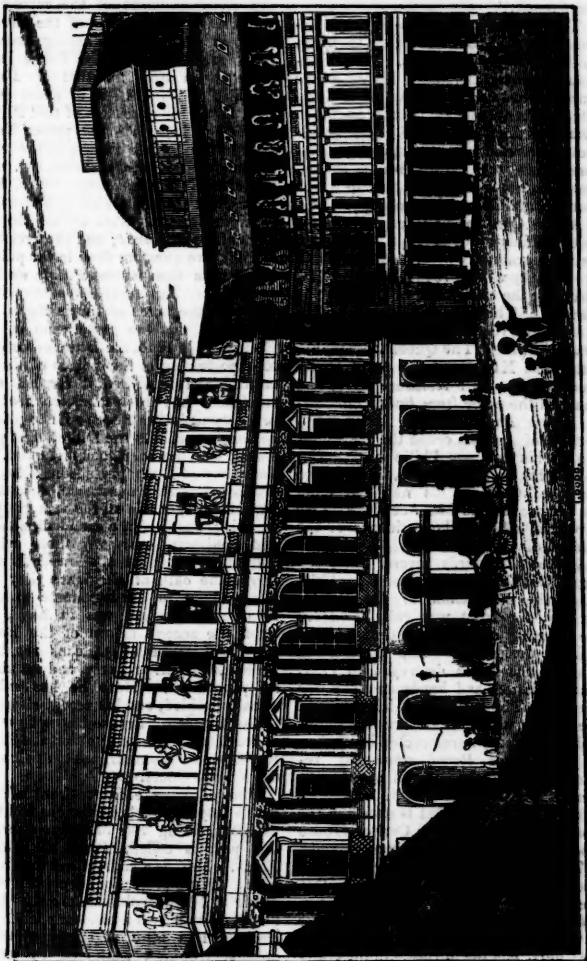
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 452.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1830.

[PRICE 2d.]

PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.



PALACE OF "THE KING OF THE FRENCH."

THE PALAIS ROYAL, AT PARIS.

THE wonders and wiles of the Palais Royal could scarcely be condensed into a Number of the *Mirror*. Its history is, however, of easier compression. The portion represented in the Engraving is the residence of the present "King of the French."

The original palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, but was a plain mansion, called *Hôtel de Richelieu*. As the minister's power increased, his residence was enlarged, and in a few years arose a magnificent palace. It was begun in 1629, and finished in 1636. The architect contrived a world of luxury in miniature: here were ball-rooms, a chapel, boudoirs, galleries, and a theatre which would contain three thousand spectators.

As the Cardinal had derived all this palace-building power from the crown, he very gratefully presented the whole property by will, in 1642, to Louis XIII. reserving the enjoyment of it for life to himself. The Cardinal, however, died in the same year, and Louis XIII. in the year following. The Queen Regent, her son Louis XIV., and the royal family then took up their residence here, and changed the name from *Palais Cardinal* to *Palais Royal*. When Louis XIV. became of age, he ceded the palace for life to his brother, Philip of France; and at his death, in 1692, gave it to Philip of Orleans, his nephew, upon his marriage with Mlle. de Blois. This explains its being the residence of the Dukes of Orleans.

It was afterwards several times enlarged and embellished; and in 1763, upon the destruction of the theatre by fire, the front was rebuilt. Here the company of Molière and that of the Italians performed. The theatre was rebuilt, and again destroyed in 1781, when a larger and handsomer one was erected. The galleries which surround the garden, where are the arcades, shops, and promenade, were erected in 1786.

The Palais Royal somewhat reminds the English visitor of our Carlton House; still their relative situations differ: the Palais Royal is nearly in the centre of Paris, whereas Carlton House stood near the edge of our metropolis.

The scenes of moral and political debasement which have been acted within the walls of the Palais Royal would tire and disgust the reader. During the war of the *Fronde*, it being the residence of the Court, and the intrigues of the crafty Mazarin were carried on here. Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., poli-

tics gave place to pleasure; and some of the most scandalous *fêtes* ever dictated by the pruriency of French taste, were given in its *salons*. It was also a fitting place for the defaulter Law to take shelter, when his financial bubble had burst, and exasperated the populace to vengeance on his plotting brain. At the commencement of the revolution, Louis Phillippe (father of the present King of the French), having assumed the name of *Egalité*, the Palais Royal changed its title for that of *Palais Egalité*. This was but of short duration, for on the execution of that Prince, November 14, 1793, the palace fell a prey to the lawless license of the revolutionists; and the galleries, &c. were converted into sale-rooms, *cafés*, ball-rooms, and apartments for gambling. A spacious hall was fitted up for the sittings of the *Tribunal*; and the President and the two questors lived in the palace, which was then named *Palais de Tribunal*. When Buonaparte was proclaimed emperor, the name of Palais Royal was restored. On the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, the Duke of Orleans took possession of this palace of his ancestors, and furnished it for his own residence. At this period, such of the property as had not been sold to private persons reverted to the Duke. His possession was, however, soon disturbed. On the return of Buonaparte from Elba, his brother, Lucien Buonaparte, ensconced himself here, and in all the vain glory of ambition, received the grand dignitaries and ministers, especially those whose convenient consciences allowed them to forget the oath of allegiance they had lately taken to the legitimate government. Retribution was at hand, for upon the second return of the Bourbons, the Duke of Orleans regained possession of his property, and set about its renovation. Here he has subsequently resided, and his recent elevation to the throne of France has not yet induced him to remove; so that the Palais Royal is now the metropolitan palace of the French Court.

The principal entrance-front of the Palais Royal consists of a screen and two pavilions, facing *Rue St. Honoré*, or, as this part is called, *Place du Palais Royal*. Next is a court; and the front, with a central projection, decorated with Doric and Ionic columns, crowned by a pedestal, with two figures supporting a clock. The attic is surmounted by military trophies, sustained by genii. This completes what is called the street-front.

A vestibule, with Doric columns, suc-

ceeds; to the left of which are galleries, skirted with shops; and to the right is the grand staircase of the palace. We now reach the second court, which is seen in the Engraving, that part of the palace which faces it being called the garden-front. It is nearly in the same style as the front already described, and consists of two projecting masses, ornamented with eight fluted Ionic columns, resting upon a basement, and crowned by an attic. The columns of the projection are surmounted by four well-executed emblematical figures in each compartment. The centre of the front has four corresponding columns crowned with vases. The building seen on the right of the Engraving is one of the galleries already mentioned, being to the left as you enter from the street-front. This was formerly occupied as the Exchange. The dome-like elevation above this gallery belongs to the *Theatre Francais*, which a Londoner would call the "Covent Garden" of Paris.

The greater part of the front seen in the Engraving has been completed within these few years. The interior of the palace is open to public inspection, and the state apartments are extremely elegant. One of them, the *Galerie Dorée* (Golden Gallery), is sixty-three feet in length by thirty-three in breadth. It has eight windows towards the second court; opposite to which are frames to correspond, filled with looking-glass.—Corinthian columns, enriched with dead-gold from the capitals to the middle of the shafts, extend the whole length of the gallery, and produce a magical effect. The four doors are paneled with looking-glass, and surmounted with bas-reliefs in marble; the furniture and hangings are blue. When this room is lighted up with the magnificent lustres that adorn it, the dazzling splendour is almost insupportable.

We scarcely dare venture within the area of the garden and galleries of the Palais Royal. Raillery apart, the garden seems to have been the very hot-bed of revolution: for here, in 1789, the first revolutionary meetings were held, and the tri-coloured cockade adopted with the same alacrity that mushrooms spring up. Effigies of the Pope, La Fayette, and others, have also been burnt here in lawless triumph; and a counsellor of the *Parlement* was once unceremoniously stripped, and plunged into the basin in the centre of the garden.

To conclude, one of the first events of the recent revolution was the shutting-up of troops in the Palais Royal.

EARLY POEMS BY THOMAS MOORE.

(For the Mirror.)

I WAS lately residing, for some time, in the most romantic part of the County of Wicklow; the beauties of which have acquired an additional charm, by their having been celebrated in the Melodies of Ireland's immortal bard. During my stay, my attention was directed by some friends, to the following poems of their distinguished countryman. They are contained in an old, and long since defunct Dublin Magazine, called "*Anthologia Hibernica*;" or, Monthly Collection of Science, Belles Lettres, and History," for October, 1793.*

"To the Editor of the *Anthologia Hibernica*."

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse, seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a Constant Reader,

"TH—M—S M—RE."

"TO ZELIA;

"On her charging the author with writing too much on love.

"Tis true my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring lofty views;
And chants what Nature's gifts infuse.
Timid to try the mountain's height,
Beneath she strays, retired from sight.
Carelessly culling amorous flowers:
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.
When first she raised her simple lays,
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel love's stings;
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joys thy friendship brings."

"A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"An Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
When pity my tears and complaint?
To mercy, my fair, be inclined;
For mercy belongs to a saint.

O dart not disdain from thine eye;
Propitiously smile on my love;
No more let me heave the sad sigh;
But all cares from my bosom remove.

My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers;
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe, they all flock to my song,
They deck me with laurel and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now,
For Celia despises my strains,
And that withers the wreath on my brow.

Then adieu ye gay shepherds and maids!
I'll bide by the woods and the groves!
There complain in the thickest dark shades,
And chant the sad tale of my loves!"

* Mr. Moore was born in 1780, and must, consequently, have been at this time 13 years of age. See the Memoir of the Poet, vol. xiii. of the *Mirror*.

From the date, as well as the different letter which precedes these productions, it is evident they must have been among the poet's earliest efforts; and as they are probably unknown in this country, I believe I shall render an acceptable service to the readers of the *Mirror*, by rescuing these *morceaux* from their long continued obscurity, through the medium of that periodical. If so, I shall not regret the trouble of transcription. N. R.

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following slight notice respecting the titles assumed by sovereigns at different periods, and in different countries, may not prove an uninteresting companion to the contribution of your ingenious correspondent, J. R. S. given in No. 441, of *The Mirror*.

Constantine was the first who received the title of *illustrious*. This title was more particularly given to those princes who had distinguished themselves in battle, but it was not made descendible to any of their posterity. The ancient lawyers of Italy, were not content with calling their kings *Illustres*, for they went a grade higher, and styled them *Super Illustres*.

The Spaniards composed a book containing the titles of their kings; which at length grew to such an insufferable size, that Philip III., (to his honour be it spoken) passed an act which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, (as they termed these strange phrases) they had so ridiculously invented, should be reduced to the simple subscription of "To the King our Lord," omitting those fantastic attributes, the number of which every secretary had vied with his predecessor in increasing.

The usual title of *Cardinals* about the year 1600, was *seignoria illustrissima*; but the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister and Cardinal, in his old age, assumed the title of *excellencia reverendissima*. At that period the Church of Rome was in its fullest glory, and to be called *reverend*, was then accounted a higher honour than to be styled the *illustrious*. But by degrees *illustrious* grew familiar, and *reverend* vulgar, so that at last the Cardinals caused themselves to be distinguished by the title of *eminent*.

The number of titles and attributes assumed by the Grand Signior in a letter to Henry IV. would fill two or three pages of *The Mirror*, which if any of your readers should feel inclined

to inspect, they will find them in Selden's *Titles of Honour*, Part I. p. 140.

Highness was first assumed by Ferdinand, King of Arragon. In the time of Henry VIII. and even before that period, it was usual to address the king by the titles of "*Excellent Grace*," "*Sovereign Lord*," "*Highness*," "*Liege Lord*," and "*Kingly Highness*."

St. Foix informs us, that the title of *Majesty* was established by Louis XI., the most sordid and least majestic of any of the French kings: at public audiences he dressed like the meanest of his subjects, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In the household book of this *majestic prince* there is a charge for two new sleeves being sewed on one of his old doublets.

By way of appendix to the foregoing, it may not be amiss to add a few of those energetic descriptions by which the Asiatics have endeavoured to express their notions of the *pure monarchical state*; and which to us appear so truly ridiculous: for instance, the King of Arracan has the following:—"Emperor of Arracan, possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet."

His Majesty of Ava styles himself "king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas." He is always preceded by four and twenty umbrellas, as a mark of his dignity.

Dr. Davey, in his *History of Ceylon*, has given us the following authentic titles of the Kandyan sovereign:—"The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds, the stars, &c.; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom," &c. A. F.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE CITY WARDS.

(For the Mirror.)

ALDERSGATE Ward takes its name from a city gate, which formerly stood in the neighbourhood; it was of great anti-

quity, being mentioned in King Edward's charter to the knight's of the Knighton Guild, about the year 967. It was the gate through which the Roman Vicinal way lay to the ferry at Oldford.

Bassishaw Ward, from Basinghall, the mansion house of the family of the *Basings*, which was the principal house in it, and stood in the place of Blackwell Hall.

Billingsgate Ward is supposed to have derived its name from a British king, named Belinus.

Bishopsgate Ward, from the gate, which was pulled down to make that part of the city more airy and commodious. This gate was built by Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in 675; and it is said to have been repaired by William the Conqueror, soon after the Norman conquest.

Bread-street Ward, from the ancient bread-market, which was kept in the place now called Bread-street, the bakers being obliged to sell their bread only in the open market, and not in shops.

Bridge Ward Within, from its connexion with London Bridge.

Broad-street Ward, from the name of *Old Broad-street*, which, before the fire of 1666, was accounted one of the broadest streets in London.

Candle-wick Ward, from a street formerly inhabited by candlewrights, or candle-makers.

Castle Baynard Ward, from a castle built on the bank of a river by one Baynard, a soldier of fortune, who came in with William the Conqueror, and was by that monarch raised to great honour and authority.

Cheap Ward, from the Saxon word *chape*, which signifies a market, kept in this division of the city, now called Cheapside; but then known by the name of *Westcheap*, to distinguish it from the market, then also kept in *Eastcheap*, between Canon or Candlewick-street and Tower-street.

Coleman-street Ward, from Coleman, (according to Stow) the first builder and owner thereof.

Cordwainers' Ward, from Cordwainers-street, now Bow-lane, formerly occupied by shoemakers and others that dealt or worked in leather.

Cornhill Ward, from the corn-market kept there.

Cripplegate Ward, from Cripplegate: an old plain structure, void of all ornament, with one postern, but had more the appearance of a fortification than any of the other gates. It was removed in order to widen the entrance into Wood-street, which, by the narrowness

of the gateway, was too much contracted, and rendered dangerous for passengers and great wagons.

Dowgate Ward, from the ancient water-gate called *Dowgate*, made for the security of the city against all attempts to invade it by water.

Farringdon Ward Within, from William Farringdon, a goldsmith.

Langbourn Ward, from a rivulet or long-bourn of fresh water, which anciently flowed from a spring near Magpie-alley.

Lime-street Ward, from some lime kilns that were formerly built in or near Lime-street.

Portsoken Ward: its name signifies the *franchise of the liberty-gate*. This Portsoken was for sometime a guild, and had its beginning in the time of King Edgar, when thirteen knights, "well beloved of the king and realm, for services by them done," requested to have a certain portion of land on the east part of the city left desolate and forsaken of the inhabitants, by reason of too much servitude. They besought the king to have this land, with the liberty of a *guild*, for ever. The king granted their request, on the following conditions, viz.—that each of them should victoriously accomplish three combats, one above the ground, one under ground, and the third in the water; and after this, at a certain day in East Smithfield, they should run with spears against all comers. All this was gloriously performed; upon which the king named it *Knighton Guild*, and extended it from Aldgate to the places where the bars now are on the east, and to the Thames on the south, and as far into the water as a horseman could ride at low water, and throw his spear.—(See Stow's *Survey*, page 115.)

Queenhithe Ward, from the hithe or harbour for large boats, &c. It has the name of Queen, because the Queens of England usually possessed the tolls and customs of vessels that unloaded goods at this hithe, which was very considerable.

Tower-street Ward, from its principal entrance to the Tower of London from the city.

Vintry Ward, from the vintners of Bourdeaux, who formerly dwelt in this part of the city, and were obliged to land their wines on this spot, and to sell them in forty days, till the 28th of Edward I.

Wallbrook Ward, from the rivulet Wallbrook, that ran down the street of this name into the Thames, near Dowgate.

The Ward of Bridge Without, from

London Bridge, with the addition of the word *without*, because the bridge must be passed in order to come at it, as it includes the borough of Southwark.

Stow, in his *Survey*, first begun in the year 1598, says—"Thus these wards have (from time to time) held, and still doe, their severall aldermen, till either death, or occasion of remove, doe make an alteration of them in their aldermen. As for an example, since the last impression of this booke, which is within the compasse of fifteene yeares, of all the aldermen that then were living, there remaine no more than three at this instant." He further saith—"The sheriffes of London (of olden time) chosen out of the communalty, commoners, and oftentimes never came to bee aldermen: as many aldermen were never sheriffes, and yet advanced to be maiors. But of later times (by occasion) the sheriffes have beene made aldermen, before, or presently after their election. Nicholas Farringdon was never sheriffe, yet soure times maior of this city, and so of other; which reproveth a by-word, *such a one will be maior before he be sheriffe, &c.*"

P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

AN ADVENTURE AT TOURTEMAIN.

(For the Mirror.)

"WHAT a singular fellow!" said the police-officer, as he dashed the tobacco dust from the bowl of his pipe.

The master of the inn did not hesitate to coincide in the expression of his guest: "singular!" he repeated, "the little man is a living curiosity. His nose resembles a mountain-pine bleached by the frosty skies of winter, and his countenance, *ma foi!* it seems as hideous and spectral as a ghost of the Great St. Bernard."

"Did he come from Detriano by the vehicle which conveyed me through the dell at Fondi, landlord?" inquired a tall English traveller, who had just removed his comforter from his neck, and soothed the perturbation of his spirit in a cup of chocolate; "did he come from Detriano?"

"Detriano!" exclaimed the host, "if he came from Detriano, he has had music enough to enchant him for the period of his natural life. There has been a sanguinary contest between the brigands and police at Detriano."

This information excited the curiosity of the Englishman. He was a being of the most nervous and irritable temperament, and the innate fear which had

haunted his imagination since his arrival in Italy, only tended to increase it. He had looked with the deepest consternation on every tree that obstructed his path, and doubtless had deemed it a hero worthy of Mrs. Radcliff's romances. As he thus laboured under an infliction of mental inquietude, the recital of the landlord evidently embodied his thoughts in the absorbing interest of the event. His countenance exhibited a portion of the terror which clung to his mind, and the police-officer, who possessed a humorous and volatile character, could scarcely control his risibility as he marked the clouded aspect of the traveller.

The unknown guest again made his appearance; and having adjusted the calibre of his ample black cloak, in which he had hitherto been enveloped, resumed his seat between the police-officer and Englishman.

"A stormy evening, 'Signor!' observed the officer, casting a melancholy glance at the darkling landscape without.

"True, my friend," replied the little man, adapting his mouth to the expression of the phrase.

A pause succeeded, in which the Englishman contrived to lave his throat with another cup of chocolate.

"And you came from Detriano, Signor, the journey must have been singularly unpleasant."

The Signor expanded his mouth into a brilliant grin, which broke like sunshine on a tombstone. "From Detriano! nay, I deemed it prudent to avoid a collision with brigands, and therefore passed the night at Sempione."

This observation elucidated the event to which the landlord had previously alluded. The police-officer lighted his pipe, and puffed as vehemently as a Dutch Burgomaster; the merry laugh of the Signor, echoed like a demon's voice, and imparted evident marks of terror to a dozen portraits suspended on the wall; the landlord smiled at the truth of the coincidence; and the Englishman regarded his companion with the most equivocal marks of apprehension and dismay.

"Did the police sustain a defeat?" inquired the host.

"The authority from which I adduced my information is problematical, but I am inclined to think that the brigands have been successful, and if my supposition should prove correct, they will surely come to Tourtemain and demand a supper of you."

The feelings of the landlord revolted at this assertion of his guest, and the Englishman displayed his characteristic

fears to a more decided advantage. But the little corpulent Signor maintained his usual cheerfulness, and only replied to their timid expressions with a shout of laughter. Throwing aside his black cloak, he revealed an attire in which the same spectral colour predominated, and when the landlord requested the favour of his name, it seemed an obvious illustration of his exceptionable appearance.

"My name," he replied, "is Jou-chimo Black."

"And where were you born?" inquired the officer.

"On the borders of the Black Sea."

The imagination of the Englishman was now crammed *quant. suff.* with fearful conjectures, and in the Signor's withered cheeks, fiendish laugh, and unearthly attire, he deemed the indications of the evil spirit sufficiently evident.

The storm had scarcely wept its latest tears from the purple clouds that floated over heaven, ere the silent travellers were interrupted by a discharge of musketry. At the same moment a band of horsemen emerged from the woody solitudes that extended at the foot of the vale below; and although they were enveloped in dark cloaks, their profession was instantly distinguished.

"The brigands! my sword!" ejaculated the police-officer.

"The brigands!" repeated the host.

"The brigands! heaven protect us!" exclaimed the Englishman; and as the words escaped from his lips, the laugh of Signor Black sounded in his ears like the warning voice of a demon.

Two or three of the horsemen having secured their steeds, entered the inn, where the landlord silently bewailed the fate of his sequins; but the adventure terminated like an Italian romance.

The brigands addressed Signor Black with the most unmingled joy, and the little man appeared singularly delighted with the information he elicited from them. Their conversation at length terminated, and my host received a welcome from the Signor, which filled his bosom with an extraordinary degree of surprise and amazement.

"I thank you, my friend, said he, for the princely reception you have given to the Grand Diavolo; and when I visit you again, I hope you will entertain me with equal liberality. The only circumstance which I regret, is, that I am unable to sup with such a courteous and agreeable host."

"This romance is worthy of Italy!" remarked the landlord, as the Signor waved an adieu from the vale below. "The Grand Diavolo! who would have

thought it?" and he concluded his observations with an exhilarating laugh.

The police-officer returned his sword into its sheath, and the Englishman relieved from the presence of his evil genius, again vouchsafed to bury his unpleasant recollections in chocolate.

Deal.

R. A.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THEATRICAL HUMOUR.

Two of the most amusing volumes that have lately issued from Mr. Colburn's prolific press, are the late John Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage*. The author was Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary to the Beefsteak Club, and could boast of forty-six years' acquaintance with theatricals in England, Ireland, and America.

Among real and mimic life, he must have seen, heard, and said, hundreds of volumes: indeed, the preface states the MSS. which he left on his death were "too voluminous for publication." His Son has accordingly "picked" and "new vanned" these *Retrospections*, and has thus produced the best collection of theatrical anecdotes that we have seen since Michael Kelly's volumes—the forerunners of many dull autobiographies. We take a batch from the first volume:

A LONG MEAL.

ABOUT half-way between the towns of Chard and Taunton was an inn, where I purposed to stop and refresh myself. A short distance before I reached it, I passed a gentleman on foot, of a very comfortable and clerical appearance: he was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat and a silver-headed cane. Having honoured my person with a particular scrutiny as he passed, he halted at a little distance to look back at me. This notice, and a tolerably empty stomach, induced me to indulge in various pleasing speculations as respected his character and motives. He is the parson of the parish, thought I, and, interested by my young and hungry appearance, he feels half inclined to ask me to his house, and satisfy my wants. Fancy needed but little stimulus to carry me to the worthy man's table, and conjure up the apparatus of a gastronomic performance. The sudden disappearance of their object, however, dissipated my day-dream; and pushing on to the inn, I entered the public room, and rang a hand-bell. My first summons was not attended to; at my second, the door was slightly opened, and a red, round, full-

moon sort of countenance intruded, with a mouth like a horizon, dividing the head into upper and lower hemisphere, and tresses sufficiently golden, to have procured the owner from a poet the name of "Apollo."

"Landlord," said I, "I have had a long walk, and want something to eat."

The sounds had scarcely passed my lips, before the rustic's jaws, opening like the gates of a subterranean abyss, sent forth a roar of laughter. Naturally surprised at such an answer, I requested an explanation; but his wife coming up at that instant (a small, unsymmetrical bundle of fat), he repeated my words to her, and they instantly got up a duet to the same tune, laughing till they were tired of standing, and then sat down to prolong their merriment. Mortified and indignant at what I could only interpret as a piece of bumpkin impertinence, I snatched up my hat, and was about to leave the house, when the landlord recovered his breath, and begged to explain himself.

It appeared that, about half an hour previously, a parson-looking gentleman, as he described him (who corresponded with the person I had passed on the road), had come into his parlour, and pretending that it was too early to dine, yet too long to wait for dinner, inquired what would be the charge for a slight snack of cold meat and bread. The honest farmer, wishing to be moderate, as well as to cultivate his custom, replied, "Sixpence," and that he had got in the house a cold round of beef. "Very well," exclaimed the parson-looking gentleman, "bring it in, and with it a pint of your best ale."

The meat was brought, his customer sat down to it, and giving his knife a good edge, took the entire circuit of the beef, in a slice which must have weighed a pound. The farmer started at this, in the conviction that he should get but small profit from his sixpence. The gastronome was not long in putting this slice away, and its duplicate layer was taken from the round. The farmer was petrified. This was a shilling's worth of beef at the lowest reckoning. He contented himself, however, with the reflection, "that a bargain is a bargain," and perhaps the gentleman would be his customer another time. With the stillness and stiffness of a statue, he now regarded the clerical cormorant convey into his mouth, bit by bit, every vestige of the second pound. He now expected him to rise, when lo! the fatal weapon was again laid to the beef, and his unappeasable customer exclaimed,

"Landlord, now bring me the ale—I always drink when I have half done!" At these words, and their accompanying illustrative gesture, the farmer's delicacy was overwhelmed by his interest; he sprang towards the table, seized the dish, and reiterating the words, "haalf done, noa, dem it, measter," said he, "if thee have any more of thic dish for thy little zixpence; do thee get along, or I'll zet Towzer at thee. I don't want thy money, but only do thee moind, never to come here agin for a zixpenny znack!"

The gentleman in black, it appeared, very indignantly took up his hat and departed; and on my entering the room shortly after, and making a similar request, namely, that having come a long walk, I wanted something to eat, it was very pardonable that the good-humoured host should have indulged in his merriment. I could not now restrain my response to it, and we all laughed together.

HOLCROFT.

HOLCROFT, the author, once applied to a country manager for an engagement, embracing every good part in the cast-book, from Alexander the Great down to Scrub. Strange as it may appear, this letter was so deficient in orthography and etymology, that the manager sent back the brief reply, that "he would treat with no person to become a member of his company who could neither read nor write!"—As Mr. Holcroft has left behind him works which attest his powers not only as a man of genius, but a critic, it is by no means an absurd conjecture to attribute to the very letter in question some portion of the stimulus which was necessary to have drawn those powers forth.

WEEKS AND HIS "WOE."

AN old gentleman in the company by the name of Weeks, who played the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet* (and whose body seemed to resemble a Norwegian deal, never fit for use till it had had a good soaking), on arriving at the concluding speech, which, as it contained a moral, was never omitted in the country, "From such sad deeds what dire misfortunes flow,"

espied a carpenter behind the scenes, very cautiously, but decidedly, approaching a tankard of ale, with which he had been solacing himself during the evening, in order, as he used to say, "to get mellow in the character." The tankard was placed in a convenient niche, with a good draught at its bottom; and whenever he was on, his eye would glance off, to watch over its safety. Being a little

tipsied, he was somewhat stupefied at the treachery of the varlet; and fixing his eyes, cat-a-mountain like, on him, momentarily forgot his audience in himself, who interpreting this as a piece of deep acting, began to applaud. The carpenter was now within a step of the tankard, and Weeks slowly articulated—

"Whate'er the cause—

(Here the fellow raised his hand)

"the sure effect is—

The knight of the hammer had clenched the pewter—Weeks at the same instant staggered off, wrenching the jeopardized liquid from his grasp,—the friar tucked it under his arm, and popping his head on at the wing, with a significant nod, shouted the last word, "woe!" at which the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter—a termination very rarely contemplated to the "Tragedy of Tragedies."

CORRECT READING.

THE stage-struck son of a neighbouring farmer, who had lately joined the company, and received for his services permission to put on stage clothes, was entrusted (through necessity) with the part of Catesby, in "Jane Shore;" and at the scene where he suddenly appears to arrest the unfortunate woman and her friend, instead of saying, "Seize on them both as traitors to the state!" he turned the last word into "stage," at which the solitary occupant of our boxes responded in a very audible tone, "Bravo! that's the best reading I have heard to-night!"

BARBER'S POLE.

KING, who had been brought up a barber, and on his theatrical success, not only disowned his early occupation, but was keenly sensitive of any allusions to it. In playing a particular character one evening, which required a stick, King mislaid his own, and seized another at the wings, which was too large and clumsy. Garrick met him as he was going on, and observed it.—"Eh, eh, Tom, what's that? that won't do—cudgel, Irish shillelah;—you're a man in high life—ought to have a gold-headed cane." King was conscious of its impropriety, and Garrick's observation nettled him; he therefore answered rather testily, that "he had lost his own, and must use that, or go without one."—"Curse it, Tom!" said the manager, "the people will say you're going back to your old business, and have brought your pole with you." The allusion was sufficient—King threw down the stick, and ran about for another.

IRISH CALCULATION.

BOB BOWLES' landlady was what was termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whisky. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had anything to eat and drink. "To be sure," she replied; "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that comes ounly to twopence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money!"—"Both twopence?"—"Both the same, as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."—"Fill me the whisky, if you please."—She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined—"It comes to twopence, my jewel; I'm not hungry, take back the loaf," tendering it.—"Yes, honey, but what pays for the whisky?"—"Why the loaf, to be sure!"—"But you haven't paid for the loaf?"—"Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat?" A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

MRS. INCHEALD

WAS a pretty, but not clever woman, with an impediment in her speech, which stage-fright always took away. This was a curious effect to observe behind the scenes.

HUMOURS OF A FREE NIGHT.

THE first house that opened for the season was Crawford's (at Dublin); and he was obliged to commence with a "free night," by virtue of his patent. (The house was, of course, crammed in a few minutes.) The play was "Douglas;" and on this occasion all the principals of the theatre were exempted from duty, and the characters were allotted to understrappers. That of Glensalvon fell into the hands of a little black-browed, bandy-legged fellow, by the name of Barret, well known throughout Dublin for his private particularities, and possessing at all times a great circle of acquaintance in Mount Olympus. The Irish people have great sympathy and enthusiasm; and notwithstanding their personal inconvenience, and the caricature daubings of the beauties of Home (the actors appearing to be all abroad when they were at home) then and there exhibited, they saw and heard the whole with profound attention. Barret's entrance was the signal for an uproar; but it was of a permissible order. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with a black wig, and a black velvet hat

crowned with an immense plume of black feathers, which bending before him, gave him very much the aspect of a mourning coach horse. Barret had some vanity and some judgment; he was fond of applause, and determined (to use his own phrase) to have a belly-full. He accordingly came on left hand upper entrance, and cutting the boards at a right angle, paced down to the stage-door right hand, then wheeled sharp upon his heel, and marched over to the opposite side; his arms stuck a-kimbo, his robe flying, and his feathers nodding, in pretty accurate burlesque of the manner of Mossop. His friends composing a major portion of the audience, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and yelling of lips that greeted him, I, having no powers of expression to describe, must leave to my reader's "powers of conception." When the tumult had a little subsided, Barret began to act; but some of his more intimate acquaintance, taking a dislike to his costume, interrupted him with exclamations of "Paddy Barret, Paddy Barret!" Barret, however, was conscious of the proprieties of his station, and, turning a dignified deaf ear to such addresses, proceeded. His friends now resorted to a species of notice to obtain his, which is beautifully peculiar to an Irish audience—"a groan for Mr. Barret." That happened, however, not to be the first time he had heard it; and as we pay little respect to things we are familiar with, Barret proceeded. The "darlings" were now stimulated to a decisive measure, by aiming an Irish apricot at his nodding plume, and shouting out, "Devil burn ye, Paddy Barret! will ye lave off spaking to that lady, and listen?" The potato triumphed; and the actor, walking forward to the lamps, desired to be acquainted with his patrons' wishes.—"Put some powder in your jasey, you black-looking coal-haver!"—"Oh! is that all you want, my jewel? why didn't you say so before? Put some powder in my wig! surely I'll do that thing; but I have ounly to tell you, my darlings, that I'm a Scotch jon-tleman to-night, and not Mr. Benjamin Barret; and so—" "Get out wid your dirtiness, Paddy—you chimney-swaper—you tragedy crow! Do you think to bother us wid your black looks? Go and powder your jasey, you devil's own body-box-maker."—"Oh, to be sure, I'll do that thing." Saying which, he made a low bow, and retreated to the green-room, leaving the audience and Lord and Lady Randolph to amuse
i. c. Undertaker.

themselves *ad interim* as they pleased. Barret on this occasion wore a stiffly-starched lady's ruff; and the waggish barber powdered him so sufficiently as to lodge a ridge round his throat, and give him the face of the ghost of Hamlet's father. When he returned to the stage, he was received with a shout of laughter that threatened to rend the roof. Paddy bowed full low for the honour conferred on him, and was about to proceed, when the "Norman Quay" critics were at him again. "Arrah! the boy's been in a snow storm. By the powers! he has put his head in a flour-sack! Paddy, Paddy Barret!" Glenalvon disregarded them sometime with a very laudable spirit of contempt, till the yells, groans, epithets, and exclamations, swelled the diabolic chorus to a negation of the sense of hearing. He then came forward a second time to inquire their wishes.—"Leedies and Jontlemen, what may it please ye to want now?"—"Put some paint on your nose," was the reply.—"What!"—"Put some paint on your nose, you ghost alive!"—"Paint my nose to play tragedy! Oh, bad luck to your taste! I tell you what, Terence M'Mulligan, and you, Larry Casey, with your two ugly mugs up in the boxes yonder, I see how it is: the Devil himself wouldn't plase ye to-night; so you may just come down and play the karakter yourselves—for the ghost of another line will I never spake to-night."—Saying which, he took off his wig, and shaking its powder at them contemptuously, walked off the stage in a truly tragical strut. The prompter was consequently obliged to come on and read the remainder of the part.

GENIUS ON THE WING.

GALWAY, when representing the Player King (in Hamlet), stepped forward to repeat the lines—

"For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patient-ly."

Here he should have rested with Shakespeare; but genius was on the wing, and he could not bring the eagle-bird to earth; therefore he continued—

"And if on this we may rely,
Why, we'll be with you by and by."

At which Whitely, who lay on the ground, as Hamlet, snarled out, loud enough to be heard by all the audience—

"And if on pay-day you rely,
Take care I stop no salary."

Thus justifying the rhyme by a very serious reason.

THE "SIX-BOTTLE MEN."
I VISITED a "six-bottle club" but once, and from the headach it cost me, was wise enough ever afterwards to decline an *encore* ; but I remember very well being invited to one which held its orgies at a sea-side hamlet, and was very generally attended, with the following highly cheerful inducements : " Will you come over to us, Mr. Bur-nard, for a wake ? You'll be mightily plased with the fillows you'll mate there, and plinty of variety : for one Sunday night you'll see as merry a set of divils round the table as your heart could desire ; and the nixt, more than half will be under the sod, and a set of frish faces will pop into their places. Will you come, Mr. Bur-nard ? "

THE WRONG LEG.

AMYAS GRIFFITHS was deformed both in his back and legs, which procured him from many the title of the modern *Æsop*. One evening he was rattling and sparkling away, with the least crooked leg of the two thrown over the other (a piece of pardonable policy), when the conversation happened to turn upon dancing. A wag in company, who knew his good humour, asked him " if he was fond of the amusement ? "—" Yes," he replied, " and mean to subscribe to the winter-balls. "—" What ! with that leg ? "—" Ay, with this leg ; and, notwithstanding your sneering, I'll bet you a rump and dozen, there's a worse leg in the room. "—" Done, done ! " cried a dozen voices. Amyas shook the hands of each. " Now," said his antagonist, with a smile of confidence, " come forward, gentlemen, and let Mr. Griffiths point out such another limb as that. "—" Here it is," he replied ; and throwing off his left leg, raised his right in the air, immeasurably more hideous than the other. A general laugh was the result, and the society decided he had fairly won his wager.

ON A BRUTAL MANAGER, NAMED SHEP-
HERD—BY ONE OF THE COMPANY,
" How different David's fate from mine !
His blessed, mine is evil ;
His ' shepherd ' was the Lord divine,
My ' shepherd ' is the Devil. "

THE TWO "WAT TYLERS."

MY. TYLER had a brother Watkins, who commanded in a corps of volunteers, and was invariably present in our boxes. This gave rise to a droll coincidence : Cherry was playing Lingo in " The Agreeable Surprise " one evening ; and when he came to the question to Cowslip—" You never heard of the great heroes of antiquity, Homer, Heliogabalus, Moses,

and Wat Tyler ? " the audience laughed loudly, and turned their eyes upon Captain Wat Tyler in the boxes. Cherry was known to be in the habit of introducing jokes of his own ; and the gallant officer concluding this to be such a one, left his seat when the act was over, and went behind the scenes, where he desired Dick Row, our prompter, to let him look at the book. He was greatly agitated, and Row in an instant surmised the cause. " Sir," said he, as the captain turned over the leaves hurriedly, his face burning, and throat choking with indignation, " Mr. Cherry spoke the author. "—" Indeed, sir ! " replied the son of Mars ; " I'm afraid not, sir—I'm afraid not ; and by St. Patrick and the seven holy stars ! if he dared to—I—eh—" At this moment he had found the right place, and the words met his eye : his features instantly relaxed into a comical smile, and, looking at Row, he exclaimed, " By the powers ! there's two of us, sure enough ! Mr. Cherry, sir, was correct, and I beg you ten thousand pardons for this intrusion : " saying which he returned the book, made an elegant bow, and retreated.

The Naturalist.

THE SHIP-WORM.

MR. CARPENTER (in *Gill's Repository*.) relates the following very curious particulars of these destructive little creatures :—Alarming as the depredations of white ants appear, yet they fall infinitely short of the dangerous ravages made on the timbers of ships, &c., by various species of sea-worms. I herewith send several portions of ship timber, which has been perforated by one particular species, *teredo navalis* ; you will observe among the whole number of pieces that every part of the interior has been excavated by these animals. I wish to direct your attention to one of the pieces in particular, it being part of the false keel of a ship. The whole of the keel was perforated throughout in a similar manner to this piece. You will observe numerous minute openings on the under side, which were made by the animals whilst in their young state, in order to work their way into the interior ; and, as they increased in size, they enlarged or scooped out their dwellings ; the wood which they thus scooped out, serving them as food. They are also provided with two singular organs, by one of which they draw through the holes they made at

the entrance into the timber, the seawater, in which they find animalcules which serve as their nourishment; the other organ is used by the animal to convey away the waste fluid through their intestinal canal, and which fluid carries off with it the portions of the wood, after the animals have extracted those virtues from it which are necessary for their sustenance.

This destructive animal is in general, when full grown, from four to six inches in length, of a grey colour, and about the thickness of the middle finger. It is covered with a very thin cylindrical and smooth shell, and has two calcareous hemispherical jaws, flat before, and angular behind. Great numbers of these worms, which are supposed to have been introduced from India into Europe, are, as before observed, found in the sides and bottoms of ships, so much so, indeed, as often to endanger them! It is said that our vessels never suffered from these enemies till within the last century, and that we imported them from the sea about the Antilles.

In the year 1730, the inhabitants of the United Provinces were under serious alarm concerning these worms, which had made dreadful depredations in the piles that support the banks of many parts of those coasts. One of the persons who had the care of the Dutch coasts at that time, observed, to his astonishment, that some of the timbers were, in the course only of a few months, made so full of holes, that they could be beaten in pieces with the least force.

The perforations, when the mud was scraped off, did not appear much larger than to admit a pin's head to be thrust into them. A very thin piece of whalebone being put into one of these, would enter straight forward for three or four lines, and the holes then generally for some distance farther proceeded upwards. One of the piles being split lengthwise with a hatchet or wedge, was found full of passages, or hollow cylindrical ducts, each of which contained a worm, enclosed in a kind of testaceous tube or covering, of a white colour, which it exactly filled, but in such a manner as to be able to move with freedom. This tube was found straight or bent, according to the form of that part of the hole where the animal was employed. The holes at the outer surface were very narrow, but increased in width within, evidently as the worm increased in size. They were never found to run into each other, but all to proceed separately. It was happily discovered, a few years afterwards,

that these creatures had totally abandoned these coasts. Thus a contemptible worm, multiplying beyond its usual limits, is capable of destroying the most boasted efforts of human industry! No contrivance has yet been suggested by human ingenuity that has been found fully sufficient to prevent the formidable ravages of these animals.

When Professor Thunberg was in Japan, he observed the manner in which the Japanese contrived to preserve their vessels against the ravages of this destructive worm. This was, simply to drag them on the strand, and burn the sides of them as high as the water usually reached, till they were well covered with a coat of charcoal.

The head of this creature is well prepared for the office of boring, being coated with a strong armour, and furnished with two sharp instruments, by means of which it scoops out the wood. The neck is provided also with muscles of great strength. It is very minute when it first issues from the egg; but, as before observed, grows to the length of near six inches. This tribe of animals generally act gregariously, and take especial care not to interfere with each other's cells or habitations; externally, the opening is scarcely visible; but when they have committed their depredations, on taking off a layer of the plank, the whole of the interior exhibits a honey-comb appearance, and is generally entirely destroyed. In some sense, this tribe may be said to co-operate at sea with the labours of the *termites fatales*, or white ants, on land. While, however, it commits enormous mischief on the labours of the shipwright, it also effectually removes those obstructions in rivers, and even in many parts of the ocean itself, which would otherwise ensue from such immense quantities of trees as are often washed down by rapid torrents from the mountains, and which would otherwise remain in a state of perfect preservation under water for centuries.

THE GNAT.

THE wings you will find ornamented with a fringe of feathers or scales, as are also the ribs of the wings. The wings, when viewed as transparent objects, present a most interesting spectacle; but when viewed under the opaque speculum, and placing a black ground behind them, they present to the eye of the observer the most splendid colours, equalling some of the most brilliant specimens of minerals! The

horns are also fine objects, so also are the head, eyes, and legs; in short there is no part of this insect but is highly interesting in the examination! Every part of it is profusely ornamented with scales or feathers, varying in their characters from each other, according to the part from whence they are taken. Each of these deserves minute inspection under the microscope, in order to discover the beauties with which this insect is adorned.—*Gill's Repository.*

The Selector ;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCH-
CRAFT.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

THERE is so much attractive reading both *new and old*, in this volume of the *Family Library*, that we would rather take an evening or two before we fully introduce it to the reader. In the meantime we extract two narratives related by Sir Walter :—

Of the friend by whom the facts were attested, I can only say, that if I found myself at liberty to name him, the rank which he holds in his profession, as well as his attainments in science and philosophy, form an undisputed claim to the most implicit credit. It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called in to attend the illness of a person now long deceased, who in his life-time stood, as I understand, high in a particular department of the law, which often placed the property of others at his discretion and control, and whose conduct, therefore, being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind, apparently with all its usual strength and energy, to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a superficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, while so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect, or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse; absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which

the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman—the embarrassment, which he could not conceal from his friendly physician—the briefness and obvious constraint with which he answered the interrogations of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the source of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient. The persons applied to, after conversing together previously, denied all knowledge of any cause for the burden which obviously affected their relative. So far as they knew—and they thought they could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs were prosperous; no family loss had occurred which could be followed with such persevering distress; no entanglements of affection could be supposed to apply to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse could be consistent with his character. The medical gentleman had finally recourse to serious argument with the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly of devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy death, rather than tell the subject of affliction which was thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon him the injury which he was doing to his own character, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret cause of his dejection and its consequences, was something too scandalous or flagitious to be made known, bequeathing in this manner to his family a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, expressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr. —. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confession in the following manner :—"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it." "It is possible," said the physician, "that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resources, of which those unacquainted with its powers never can form an estimate. But until you plainly tell me

your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power, or within that of medicine." "I may answer you," replied the patient, "that my case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of *Le Sage*. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?" "Of the idea," answered the medical gentleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence." "I, my dearest doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease." The medical gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick man's preconceived fancy, contented himself with more minute inquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he conceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an attack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease:—"My visions," he said, "commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant Highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat, by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a

more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tam-boured waistcoat, and chapeau-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce upon my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone, or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me." The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies

as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "The skeleton, then," said the doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?" "It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it." "Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?" "To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man. "And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired. "Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space." "You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend; "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder." It is alleged, the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect, of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.

The next is—

A VISION AT ABBOTSFORD.

ANOTHER illusion of the same nature we have the best reason for vouching as a fact, though, for certain reasons, we do not give the names of the parties. Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured. There is every reason to believe that instances of this kind are frequent among persons of a certain tem-

perament; and when such occur in an early period of society, they are almost certain to be considered as real supernatural appearances.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

MONS. DE FONTENELLE, who lived till within one month of 100, was singular in his conduct; for it was remarked of him that he was never known either to laugh or to cry, and he even boasted of his insensibility. One day a certain *bon vivant* Abbé, with whom he was particularly intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbé was fond of asparagus dressed with butter (for which also Fontenelle had a great *godt*, but liked it dressed with oil.) Fontenelle said, that for such a friend, there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable; and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together thus friendly, the poor Abbé fell suddenly down in an apoplectic fit; upon which his friend, Fontenelle, instantly scampered down stairs, and bawled out to his cook, with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first."—*The Age*. (This is 'we should' call the "ruling passion strong in" mouth.)

GENEROUS BOOK LENDER.

MICHAEL BEGON, who was born at Blois, in 1638, was possessed of a valuable library, which was free of public access. In most of his books was written, "Michaelis Begon et amicorum," i. e. the property of Begon and his friends; and when he was once cautioned by his librarian against lending his books, for fear of losing them, he replied, "I would rather lose them than seem to distrust any honest man."

P. T. W.

EYES.

DESCARTES preserved all his life an astonishing predilection for women who squinted; and why? because the first woman who made an impression on his heart, had that defect; and that defect wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he once had experienced.

SOUTHEY, speaking of the late Rev. Geo. Whitfield, says, "his complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue

colour; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more remarkable, than any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness."

PARODY

On Goldsmith's verses—"When lovely Woman stoops to Folly," &c. Extracted from the "*Anthologia Hibernica*," for December, 1793.

WHEN foolish man consents to marry,
And finds, too late, his wife's a shrew;
When she her point in all must carry,
'Tis hard to say what's best to do.

Alas! the breeches to recover,
To 'scape her tongue and lightning eye,
And be as free as when her lover;
The only method is—to fly.

REGAL WINE.

BERNARD tells us that Sir John Danvers had a humorous knack of bestowing upon wine a regal appellation, and making its various species represent, when placed upon the table, the sovereigns of the countries that produced them: thus, a bottle of port stood for the King of Portugal, champagne for that of France, Madeira for his Spanish Majesty, while a bottle of porter represented our beloved monarch. If he turned, therefore, from one wine to another, he would exclaim—"Now we have bled the King of Spain to death, what if we decapitate the King of France!" (What a king-killer! This was making "Flow thou regal purple stream" a sort of mild Mar-seilles hymn.)

QUIN used to say that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on the 30th of January, (King Charles's Martyrdom, 1730.)

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

With several Engravings, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;

OR ANNUAL REGISTER OF POPULAR INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS, FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

"An annual register of new inventions and improvements in a popular form, like this, cannot fail to be useful. The mass of information in this little volume is most interesting; and while the philosopher will really find something new in it, the general reader will reap instruction from every page."—*Lit. Gaz.* March 20.

JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, near Somerset House.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipzig; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.